

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# reZ

November/December 2015



Wishbone One: Training Buddha  
Stalking the Aisles The Damask Rose  
**Parallel Lives** Destry Nurses a Broken Heart  
Ocean Dream **Iron Roses**  
*Waltzing Toward Armageddon*





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read rez Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **Buddha.** Klannex Northmead treats us to some of his loveliest poetry, this one about peace and tranquility.
- **Parallel Lives - A Step Into the Future.** Who else would you trust to bring the future into focus than Art Blue?
- **Der Traum vom Meer (Ocean Dream).** More than 40 years ago, Herbert Franke wrote of his uncanny future-vision.
- **Stalking the Aisles of the Supermarket.** Mariner Trilling confesses his guilty supermarket pleasures.
- **Waltzing Toward Armageddon.** Jullianna Juliesse brings us her topical insights with this powerful poem.
- **The Iron Roses.** The Perfect Gentleman is back and has discovered a wonderfully naughty burlesque troupe, The Iron Roses.
- **Destry Nurses a Broken Heart.** One of the most original writers we have, Will Blake, astounds with a Wild West tale.
- **The Damask Rose.** Kamille Kamala explores the thorns and sweet fragrances of second chances.

## About the Cover:

What better way to usher in the holidays than to get some party advice from The Perfect Gentleman. This time he returns to what he knows best: a well-turned calf. And along the way introduces us to the Iron Roses and urges us to see their show this December.





# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





# Guerilla



Friday



# Burlesque

*Thank You  
for all your love and  
support throughout 2015*

Our final season for the year begins on  
December 4th and finishes on December 26th.

We hope you will join us for all the  
fun and games you expect from the grid's  
favourite dance troupe

y nights on Idle Rogue - 7pm and Midnight









# AFTER DARK

## — LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue (72, 52, 2488)

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[facebook.com/rhispoem](https://facebook.com/rhispoem)



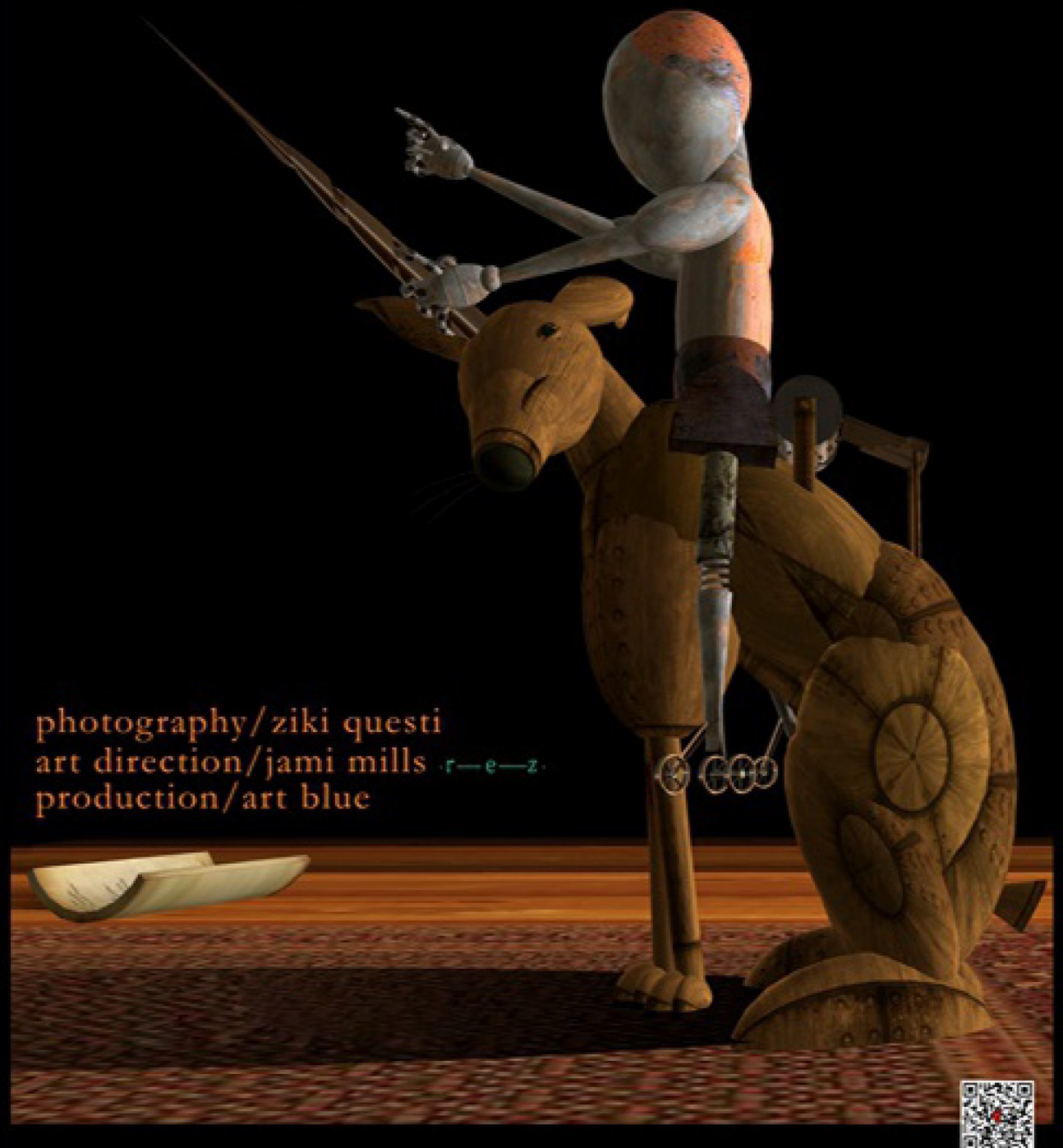
Each month this year, we are including one of the months from Bryn Oh's 2015 Calendar, which was produced by Art Blue with the help of Ziki Questi and Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to several of the most well-respected museums in the world, in his single-handed

effort to preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

“In Bryn’s words, *Condos in Heaven* is about boundaries and greed. Created in 2008, it’s still very topical. What would happen if we were actually able to reach Heaven in our lifetime? Shopping for wings? Where might they have come from?”

Jami Mills

## Bryn Oh 2015 Immersive Art





december



Condos in Heaven

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Condos in Heaven is an examination of humanity's exploitation of Nature (inspired by the devastation of the Alberta tar sands project) and, ultimately, Heaven itself.





# Wishbone O

## Chapter Two: Train

by Jami Mills





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“Gentlemen, we’ve looked at every possible alternative, and within existing technological parameters, and those we expect to operate within for the foreseeable future, it’s simply not feasible to deliver a man to Mars, land him on the surface, return him to his ship, and return him to Earth. Let me spell out for you some very complicated physics as simple as I can.

“First, a trip to Mars is a very heavy lift. While we’re confident we can protect an astronaut from lengthy radiation exposure, shielding materials dense enough to deflect constant radiation bombardment are heavy . . . very heavy. And when you factor in the weight of fuel and supplies, we don’t come close to having that lift capacity. Even with impulse technology, the fuel required would weigh several hundred tons alone.

So, for such a mission, you’d need to pre-stock the International Space Station over a period of months with all the required fuel and supplies. Now you see why the larger Space Station was needed to replace the aging original, which wasn’t nearly large enough to store that quantity of material. We calculate this effort would take eight to ten launches of the Ceres Shuttle, or even more if you use the Virgin Shuttle. Then you’d launch Wishbone into orbit, rendezvous with the Space Station, dock and transfer.

Now you see why a one-person crew has long been the only practical mission. I don’t argue with the philosophers and scientists who believe a human presence on Mars is crucial, but the six humans that NASA originally contemplated? That would be three tons of supplies alone. It simply can’t be done.

“Second, it would take seven months to get to Mars. Remember, it’s 34 million miles away at its closest. Sure, there are ways to get there faster, but advancements in the physiology of the human body come more slowly. There is only so much stress a body can withstand. Also, this isn’t a “point and shoot” trip. We’ll need to initially rendezvous with the Moon and use it to “sling shot” Wishbone into a Hohmann Transfer Orbit. Think of planetary orbits as a series of concentric circles. We’re leaving one orbiting body and landing on another orbiting body. If it takes a year for Earth to orbit the sun, consider that it takes Mars almost twice that long for its circumnavigation. Mars will have gone  $\frac{3}{8}$  of the way around the Sun by the time Wishbone gets there, so you need to work backwards to make sure Mars is where you need it to be for a landing. How often do the two planets line up for such a launch window, you ask? Every 26 months. That same launch window applies for a return trip, too. Is your head spinning yet?



“Third, and perhaps the most perplexing challenge of such a mission, is the psychological aspect. No astronaut has ever spent years in space before, much less alone. Fortunately, with recent technological advancements, particularly in the area of AI, not only can most of the mission functions can be handled by AIs, but our tests have determined that they can also provide crucial emotional support. We’ve found that it is essential to provide an emotional foundation - - familiar things from our earthbound lives.

We’ve learned from earlier endurance Space Station missions, when we began supplying astronauts with burgers and fries, and spaghetti and meatballs, instead of tubes of bland nutrients, the psychological well-being of the astronauts significantly increased. Recent tests of AI sex surrogates yielded even more impressive results. We all laughed when Jason Bloeman made his now famous booty-call to Winter Sommers in the Space Station (remember? “One small schtup for man.....”), but recent studies have shown that sexual contact and the emotional sustenance it provides may be the single most important aspect of psychological health during prolonged space travel.

“The obvious questions remain: if the mission moves forward and we land an

astronaut on Mars, how would he or she survive and what would be their quality of life? It would take a special human being to face that future - - alone on an arid, lifeless planet, with little more than scientific studies, albeit for the greater good of humankind, to occupy their mind, and a cyanide pill always being a ready option. I couldn’t do it. I’m not made of that stuff. But I will tell you this, when you’ve made your decision, I want to shake that astronaut’s hand. That’s one helluva person.”

And with that, Lt. Kensington gathered his papers and left the lectern and mingled with a few other fellow officers at the side of the podium.

\* \* \*

“Are you awake?” Grace sat upright on the side of Jimmy’s bed in his darkened bedroom, only the bathroom nightlight and an almost-full moon insinuating itself through the blackout curtains that Jimmy preferred. She sat as though she were reading a child a bedtime story.

Jimmy slowly turned his head and partially opened his eyes, making a face. “I am now.”

“I’m sorry if I disturbed your sleep cycle. I’ll come back. Go back to sleep, Jimmy.” Grace started to rise but Jimmy took her hand.



“You’re not supposed to be here. This isn’t in the protocol. What is this all about?” Jimmy’s impatience and confusion, being still somewhat tethered to his dream state, instantly gave way to the warm flow of endorphins. “My God, you’re

was...well....,” her voice trailing off as her eyes lowered.

“You were what? Tell me.” Jimmy gently lifted her chin with his fingertips.



beautiful,” was all Jimmy could think to say. Grace was the realization of Jimmy’s perfect mate, from Grace’s athletic frame, small breasts, narrow hips, long legs. Grace’s Nordic cheekbones and full lips were the perfect accompaniment to her most refined feature: her large, cool, arctic-blue eyes.

“I’m sorry. I’ll leave at once. I

Grace replied so softly, Jimmy couldn’t hear it, even in the brittle stillness of the night.

“I didn’t hear you.”

“I was....” Grace fidgeted and leaned down to Jimmy’s ear.

“Lonely.”



\* \* \*

“Better get down here right now, Jimmy. These moods of mine don’t come along very often. I can’t remember the last time I cooked you breakfast. I’ve lost all my senses. Hurry up, you lummo.”

Rachel had set the breakfast table, two Dahlias tilting in the jade-green vase. The apartment was unquestioningly cramped - - there’s no other word for it - - but it did have as its saving grace what one charitably calls “charm.” Exposed brick, rough hewn wood beams, uneven hardwood floors covered with tasteful Persian rugs that Rachel and Jimmy acquired after being swindled on their honeymoon in Morocco.

*“Mashad. The finest quality. Hand knotted. Very precious. Very, very. Feel the quality. If it pleases you, look at the braiding. This is how you discern fakes. Very, very fine quality. This rug took two thousand hours to weave. Signed by Shakh Maranghi. It is beautiful, no?”*

Rachel and Jimmy didn’t even care when they finally faced the bitter truth when they returned home: the rug was indeed a fake - - a beautiful fake, maybe - - worth a tenth of what they paid. When you’re in love, such trifling things don’t matter.

Jimmy stumbled in to the kitchen, hair like loose straw. You could see which side he slept on. He pretended to grumble. “Coffee, woman! And be quick about it.”

“Get your own damn coffee, caveman.” He swept her up in both arms, lifting her off the floor for a brief twirl, and then gently brought her down for a precise soft-landing. “I adore you,” they both said in unison, laughing as they snapped their fingers and hooked pinkies.

Jimmy drizzled the maple syrup, the expensive kind from Vermont, over his lightly browned blueberry waffles. Rachel liked to dust them with powdered sugar to make them particularly irresistible. “I thought you needed a foundation meal this morning, given the treats you have in store for you today. So I made you eggs, too. I learned how to properly fry an egg in olive oil this morning. What could you possibly expect to learn today that compares with that?”

“I think it has something to do with discovering the origin of the Universe. I’ll grant you, a perfect egg is right up there, though. Let’s call it a tie.”

When he had finished, he gave Rachel a probing look. She dropped her hands to her sides. He rose to meet her, eyes locked. He placed a delicate kiss on her



lips, unbuttoning her shirt from the bottom up. She relaxed into his arms and completely surrendered to him. As his kisses grew stronger, he lowered her to the floor, where they made love on the wool fibers of that beautiful rug.

Finest quality.

\* \* \*

**January 5, 2053, 1200 hours**

“Well, you’ve put on a few pounds, your blood pressure is unchanged, pulse rate elevated, but I attribute that to how happy you must be to see me. Seriously, Jimmy, watch the weight. Limited carbs and sugar. And I don’t need to remind you that alcohol equals sugar. If your weight exceeds 220, you’re a scrub.”

“Yes, ma’am. I have exquisite self-control, except when it comes to you,” Jimmy said, clumsily muffing his attempt to pinch Capt. Sanchez’s bottom. “That will be quite enough, Colonel. I could have you reprimanded for less. You’d better watch your step.” As she placed the blood pressure cuff back in its slot, she gave Jimmy a wink.

Jimmy gave the day’s outline a quick scan: centrifuge, cockpit simulator, stress test, MRI, Fusion scan, more cockpit simulation, radiation lecture, AI sensitivity training, and targeted

respiratory/cardio workout.

Of all, Jimmy hated the stress test the most. Please try to kill yourself by overexertion, and then right before the point of death, we’ll take our readings. Thank you, Colonel. You may now continue living. Jimmy was especially intrigued with the AI training, as he hadn’t yet seen the prototype that he and the psychologists has spent close to a year creating and programming.

The centrifuge room was a circular, windowed room with an imposing bit of science and steel in the middle. A seat at the end of a long arm was waiting for Jimmy. He had undergone some centrifuge training for flight school, but not to this degree. To simulate the extreme acceleration that the Higgins thrusters would provide, it was necessary to re-train Jimmy.

“From its resting position, it takes 95 seconds to achieve maximum angular speed. Your seat is in an oblate steel sphere 15.24 meters from the axis of rotation. You’re going to have quite a ride, Colonel. You’ve seen the shots of the Springer Spaniel that sticks its head out of the speeding car.” The technician snorted. “It’ll be a smidgen more than you’d experience on Wishbone. We’ll be tracking all your vitals. The red button in the center of the console is your kill switch. And please, no selfies.”





image by hellscapeartist

Jimmy lowered himself into the seat with the same self-confidence he'd always shown climbing into his F-50. Cross-buckles covered his lightweight Reflar training suit. John Glenn called this the "sadistic" part of astronaut training. Not for Jimmy. If anything, he liked it. A "gruesome merry-go-round," one magazine called it. You can exhale without a problem, but when you try to inhale, you quickly find out just how difficult it is to re-inflate your lungs. The trick is to never deflate them. Short panting is the only way to maintain consciousness. Jimmy blacked out (G-LOK) once in his first training years ago. Nothing can prepare you for the strain on one's musculature that 40 g's brings. Blood vessels in the groin rupture, extremities swell, and other niceties like blood

clots and heart arrhythmias, myocardial infarctions, and fractured ribs are distinctly possible side effects.

"Bring it," Jimmy said, giving a crisp salute to the tech.

\* \* \*

"May I be frank, Colonel? Off the record?" Captain Snyder, sat in a chair in her starched blue uniform, red hair pulled back in a ponytail, a patch showing she'd been in Africa too. She looked straight into Jimmy's eyes, who uncharacteristically fidgeted on the couch. The blinds were closed, giving the slightly stuffy room a dark, ponderous feel.

"I'm nothing if not frank, Captain. I want this assignment very, very much.



I'll help with your sensitivity training in any way I can."

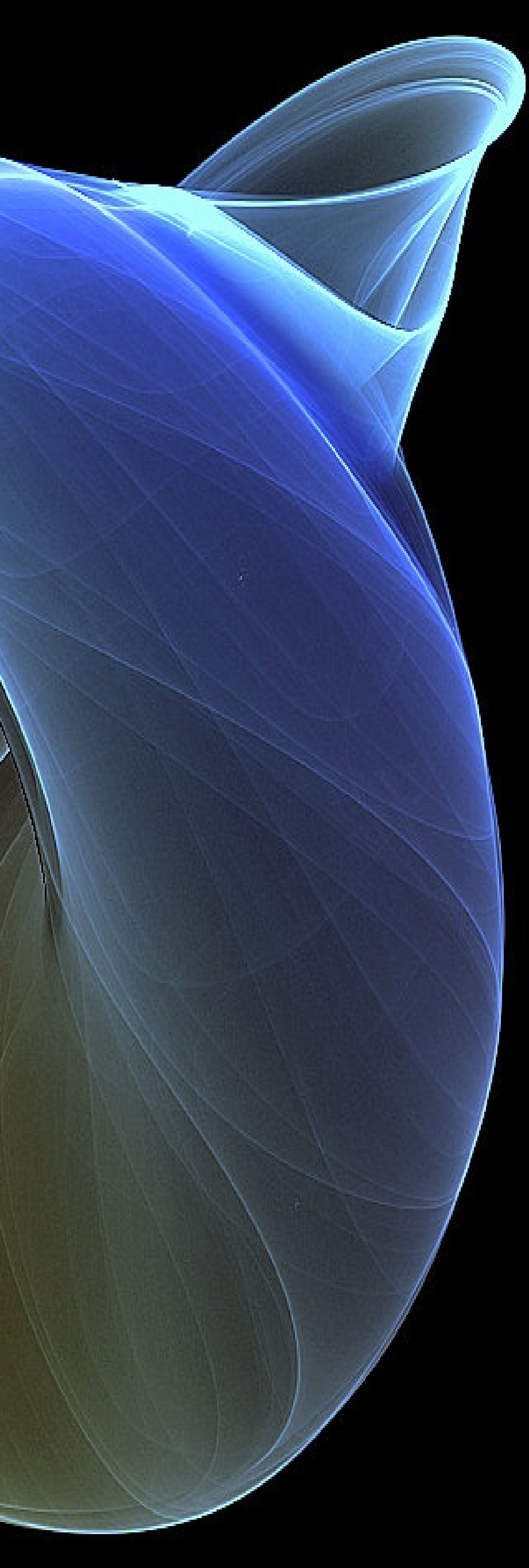
"Good. Then let me put something out there so we don't have to waltz around it. You have a reputation, sir. You must know it. You've been called a "womanizer," a "chauvinist," and worse. You may have never been reprimanded for inappropriate sexual activity, but my guess is, you've come close. If I've caused you to be uncomfortable, I'm sorry. This is my job and I want to keep it. I also want you to be prepared for what could be the most difficult challenge you've ever faced. You outperform every psychological metric we have. I've seen your tests. Your ability to compartmentalize, your coolness under extreme duress, your recall and rapid-fire responses - - these are the stuff of legends. I want you to get this assignment, sir. Consider me one of your strongest advocates. But I must tell you, I'm concerned about you and Grace.

"Your ability to withstand any physical challenge, your acumen, the sharpness of your instincts. These will all get you into the finals. It will be the relationship you forge with Grace that very well may be the tie-breaker when the time comes. I want you to be ready. I can help you. You must be completely open with me, especially about your attitudes about women, sir.



image by fractalhead





Especially in light of the accident. They could be a deal-breaker.”

“Captain, please. Allow me to respond as fully and forthrightly as I can. Whatever you may have heard about my exploits, I’ve probably done worse. Women are my Achilles heel. I never had a sister. I was extremely shy in high school. I didn’t kiss a girl until I was a senior. I didn’t know what to make of girls when I was younger; they were a complete mystery to me. So I had a lot of catching up to do at the Academy. I don’t think it was a question of my trying to make up for lost time so much as a search for an understanding of femininity. Women fascinate me and, yes, I’m probably over-sexed, I admit that. That certainly compounded the problem. We can talk about that. But let me reassure you, Captain. When I married, that all changed. A happier married man you would never find. My careless, carousing days ended. My search was over. I’d found what I was looking for. Since the accident, as I’m sure you can appreciate, I’ve done a lot of soul searching. You needn’t be concerned about my attitude toward women in general or Grace in particular. I’ll be honest and patient with her. I’ve grown up a lot, Captain.”

“Good. Let’s start.”

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photography  
jami mills





THE BLUE HOUSE

LIVE MUSIC · LOUNGE · GAMES

P R E S E N T S

# Figures

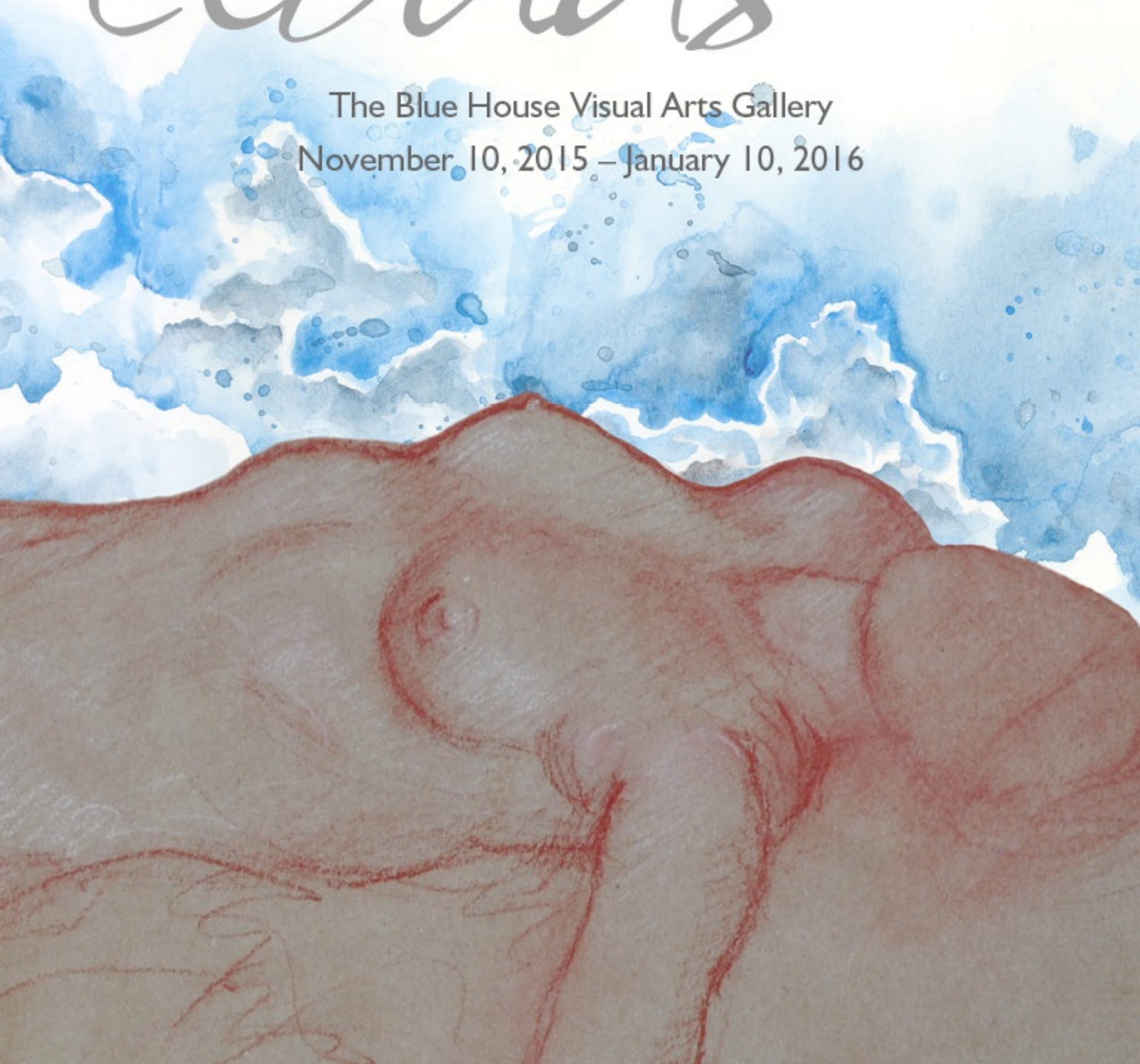
An exhibit of figure studies & cloud paintings by paula cloudpainter





# Clouds

The Blue House Visual Arts Gallery  
November 10, 2015 – January 10, 2016





# Buddah

## by Klannex Northmead

Sometimes I sit like Buddha,  
With a wise and happy smile  
But I am not enlightened,  
I just believe the Earth and sky  
Are one and in perfect balance.

Sometimes I sit like Buddha,  
As if my eyes perceived all  
But my eyes deceive because  
The only place I see is in my head  
Through a halo of desire.

Sometimes I sit like Buddha,  
As if among absolute perfection.  
But in reality it's an induced dream,  
With no place for things like cares  
Just me in my world of illusion.

Sometimes I sit like Buddha,  
Calm, serene, made of stone  
But in my dream I am not placid  
I imagine words like foundations  
Building palaces and gardens.

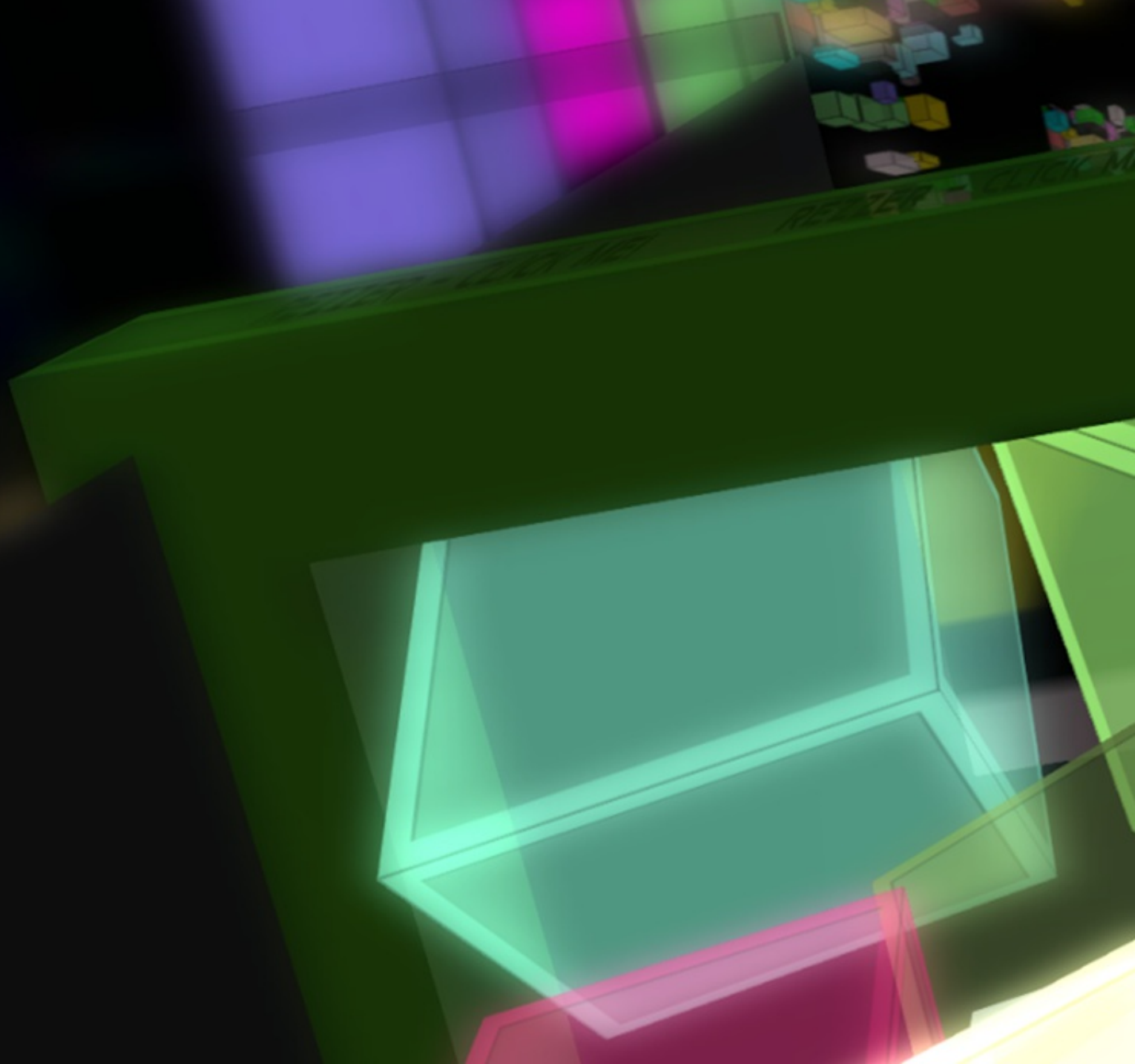
Sometimes I sit like Buddha,  
Silent, as if a single syllable might sway the world.  
But in my dream I yell out loud  
Hurling words from my mountaintop  
To please a single happy face.

Sometimes I sit Like Buddha.  
Only stoned.





# Parallel Lives: A Step Into the





# e Future

by Art Blue



After you got to read the past and the present in the last issues of *rez Magazine*, you long for sure for the future. Everyone wants to know it. Also, I would like to know it. I have heard rumours about my own. It will be of the same kind as yours, but I might arrive there, if I am lucky, sooner as you. I am of Blue colour. After state Blue comes state White, as the final one in the realm I am in now. After this, no one knows what comes. We just all long for it, for our Afterlife, as we are sure our makers have prepared something great to happen. For you, all is prepared when you leave your state as an Avatar, as I am there. I know it. You may not meet me if you are a young soul. On the other hand, if you long to get to the state Blue in some incarnations ahead, I might be assigned as your mentor. We all have mentors. Don't be sad that your way might take ages if your mentor recommends that you be sent back, to do another turn. I was sent back again and again, as I had some weaknesses; some are still in me. That's why I've been Blue for so long. To reach the state White seems to stay a dream for me. But it is for you to know: all lives happen in parallel, just not the memory of them. So lean back and enjoy the story I have for you. Indeed, I have two stories. One is a reprint of *Der Traum vom Meer*, written in the year 1974 by Herbert W. Franke, translated from German to

English. The other comes in form of a play - - *The Queen is Not Amused*. For this, you need to become an Avatar.



## To Be an Avatar

You are lucky. You are just in time when this issue of *rez Magazine* gets into print to get an idea of what it will be like to be an Avatar in future times. Same as I was lucky, as I was once born just as the first computers got the ability to generate art. Art in two dimensions. The first interactive art machine was made by Herbert W. Franke, which could create boxes on a



screen on a home computer Texas Instruments TI 99/4. The software he called MONDRIAN. A dialogue



between man and machine, between concrete planning and random influences, started rather unnoticed in the year 1979. Now, ages later, you are able to feel that the future will take you to another dimension, the dimension of virtual real depth, called by the author of *Towing Jehovah*, James Morrow, *Presence*. I shall copy his words one more time so the story keeps an easy flow and you don't have to read back issues of *rez*.

“Sozyo made 4-D experiment. The image had height, width, depth and a fourth D that eluded precise definition. It was called Presence. Somehow, you felt that the subject was there in the room with you. You could seemingly walk up to it, savor its fragrance, finger its texture, rub a few eons' grime off its contours.” (1981)

The challenge to understand things you are not familiar with is an old one. You can't “point” at them when they haven't yet been developed. You can point at “a car” once it exists. You can point at a smartphone as soon as it is made. Before this, you need people to “believe” that there will someday be a car or a smartphone. Then you can tell in ways using their language, creating analogies like “the wind will take gravity away and you will fly like an eagle in the sky” to demonstrate what they will be able to do with a new technology - - in this case with an airplane (or was it meant for being an Avatar?). I said the question is an old one and gets difficult if you leave the realm of objects and things and enter the one where your senses as a human are addressed. How do you tell colours if one is colour blind? You have a way? You need to change the senses. You need to become a real Avatar, a digital entity. Quite simple.

Now you see why all the stories, the past, the present, and the future, are





connected. On the level of an Avatar, it is *The Game* all are in. Ready, Player One?

### Ready for Art

Let's do this famous simple experiment: Take a piece of paper and

draw a turtle. Be the turtle and move along the sheet with a pen in hand - - up, down, left, right. Mark the track. You get a movement, a line. Now do it in a train, an old train, one with many stops, a local train. You get a sort of Brownian movement, lines of crossings. Such drawings made in the

late 70s with computers are now museal. The movement of the drawing device, a pen (to be precise, a plotter with a pen mounted) performed by programmed dice running as software in the computer, gives a basic picture of a behaviour that is not fully predictable - - like when you nowadays as an Avatar meet a bot. You don't know, you can't predict, what the bot will say, nor can you know whether it is a bot or the maker of it to whom you are talking. It would be a good idea to read the story of Eugene Goostman printed in the July 2014 issue of *rez* one more time.

Now the experiment with the turtle you made shall go on. Explain to the turtle that there is height above the sheet on which you draw the lines. To pass over a line without touching or crossing it is possible; just "jump over one," you say to your turtle. You as an Avatar can do this. You jump, you feel, you experience height so you can show the turtle a jump. You walk on stairs up to the top of a lighthouse and you look down. I tricked you? You said yes, I can do this? Please inspect the screen you are using next time you log in to a walkable virtual world and check once more if your screen just now got "Presence" or is still flat. Your turtle lives in these two dimensions so the turtle has to believe, but will never know for sure, never experience height. You say: I made you turtle, you

can believe me. You must because you exist. How else could the turtle exist? You teach your turtle math and then, in time, the turtle might become your companion in a virtual world. Now "Presence" takes place for you to understand. I teach you Presence. That's your future.

## Presence

There was a play on November 11, 2015, when Presence happened. Two artists, both struggling to overcome the flat world of the screen, worked to make Presence happen. Art Blue was reborn by particles that carried the genetic information to remake him. The collection of umbrellas, the picture of the rain, came back to the scene. The code of the rain drops you may remember from CODE64 In Space. All code went to the Equilibrium. The Equilibrium was there where the code has been kept over centuries. And the Queen came to glory: Molly Bloom arrived in the time capsule of Art.

## IP Note

I have to state that I am not Art Blue. I paid to use his name for this publication. I am TSNKO.

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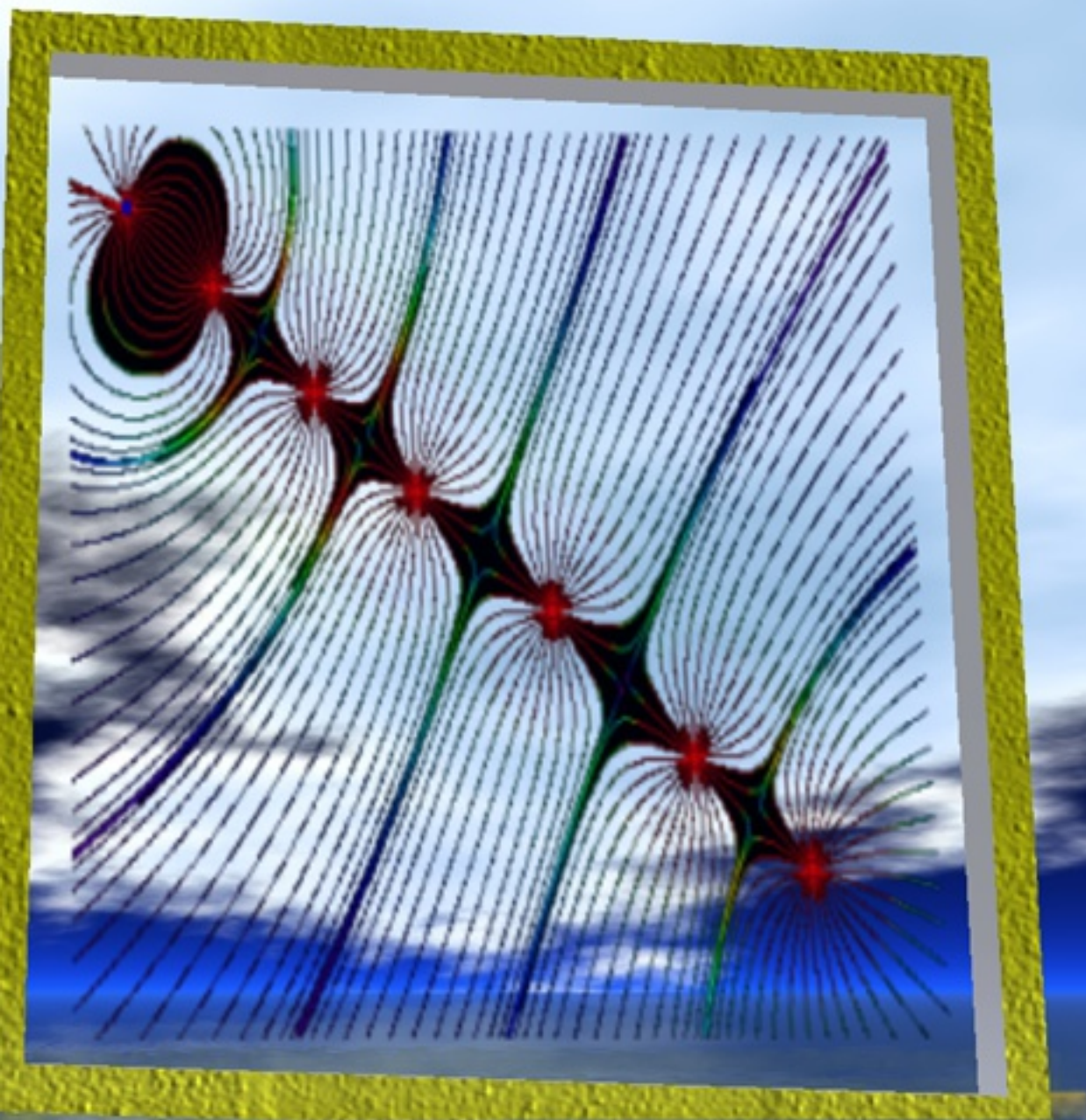


# Der Traum vom Meer (Ocean Dream)

By Herbert W. Franke  
(1974)



# Meer



and Jami Mills





**I**t was nearly beyond imagination that the grey line of skyscrapers could end somewhere, that behind a windowless abyss of steel and plastic suddenly a strip of the old floor would appear and there the beginning of the green world of water shall begin – with its unbelievable flow of clearness and silence.

Jean Audedat had never seen the ocean, he knew no one who had seen it, he did not know where it was. Nevertheless he thought of nothing else. In the old days the paradise was in the sky, between the clouds in the clear altitude, but the air was no longer clean, the clouds have given way to an impenetrable smog dome. To reach the light sky you would have needed rockets which no longer existed. The Paradise now was in the depth of the sea. Everyone has watched video tapes from the time the ocean was not a protected area yet. Back then, people were allowed to enter with ships and submarine boats and they came back. They reported what they had seen. They brought back movies with shoal over coral reefs and tapes with whale songs.

The ocean was a biosphere reserve with a colourful life. Where else were plants or animals on the mainland? In laboratories and in museums. In glasshouses and cages, in aquariums and terrariums. Subjects of science or

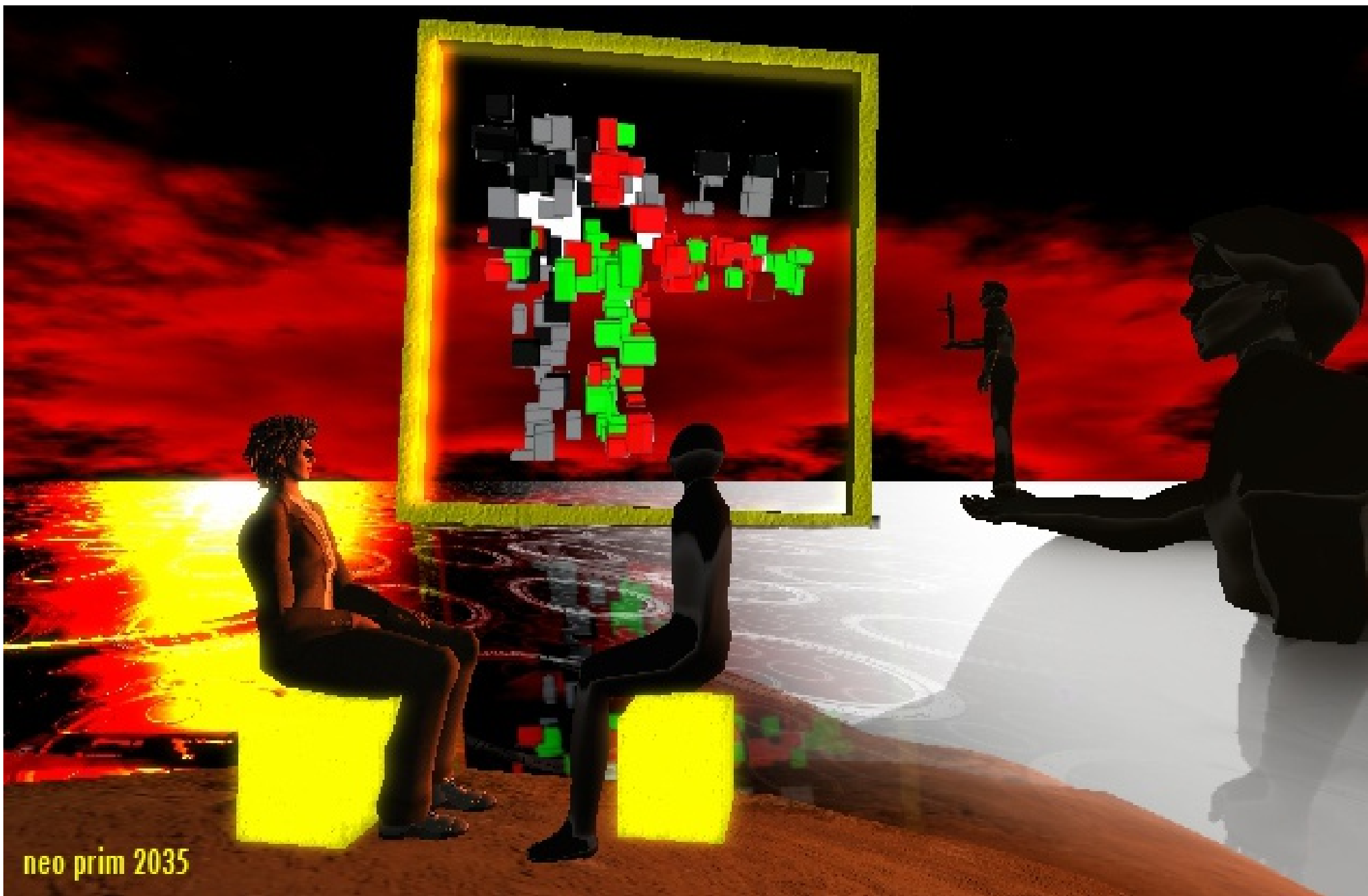
for demonstration. That was everything. Therefore, it was correct to block the ocean in order to save it. Way too many things have been built - - oil rigs, underwater mines, tidal power stations. Way too many areas have been lost forever: drained, sealed, filled, populated. This last corner - - it was right to keep its location secret. What else could anyone have hoped for? What reward could have been? In what paradise could one have believed?

Jean Audedat was a controller in the ministry for statistics and public opinion poll of the world government. His entire life he had checked data, collected numbers and analysed information. He organized queries, verifications, falsification, validations. He was in charge of the exploration of relevant material: enrollments for trainings, lending for libraries, orders for maps, travels, educational background of the population, its mobility, its urge for communication, suicide rates, social structure, riot index, population density, life expectancy. Audedat had been in all areas of the world, he knew the surveillance centers of all districts, he got to know that the same problems occur everywhere, the same annoyances and breakdowns.

When stepping off the escalator to the transport band he could see for quite a

distance through the glass wall of the connecting pathway to the abyss of the streets: here at the top layer was a cloudiness twilight where some blinking lights could barely be recognized in the dust. He shrugged his shoulders and he stepped from the transport band.

have reached it - - an elite group of unimpeachable public magistrates, of tireless workers, of people totally devoted to their duties. Also, Audedat would have had no perspective had he not applied at the begin of his career to do work on the fields. This meant no family, no friends, no permanent



The office he entered was wallpapered on three sides with microfiche folders. His boss's secretary was sitting between them as if in a nest. She had already finished 60 years of service, but nevertheless had almost no chance to reach the score limit. Only a few

address. But since the days as he saw captures from the underwater world in a history lesson, he had no other goal in life.

“You have to wait a bit,” said the huge woman in the tabular seat. “A video



conference.”

“I have time,” Audedat replied.

There was a sparkle of interest in the secretary’s eyes. “Did you make it?”

“It depends on the rating. I think so. The account for my last job in Brazil should be complete by now.”

“I envy you,” mumbled the women, and went back to study her files.

Audedat took a seat. He was dreaming. He saw silver air bubbles, slender creatures playing with the waves, ramified green over white sand, shells, corals and plenty of light. No trace of dirt or waste. No constriction. Freedom in three dimensions, zero gravity.

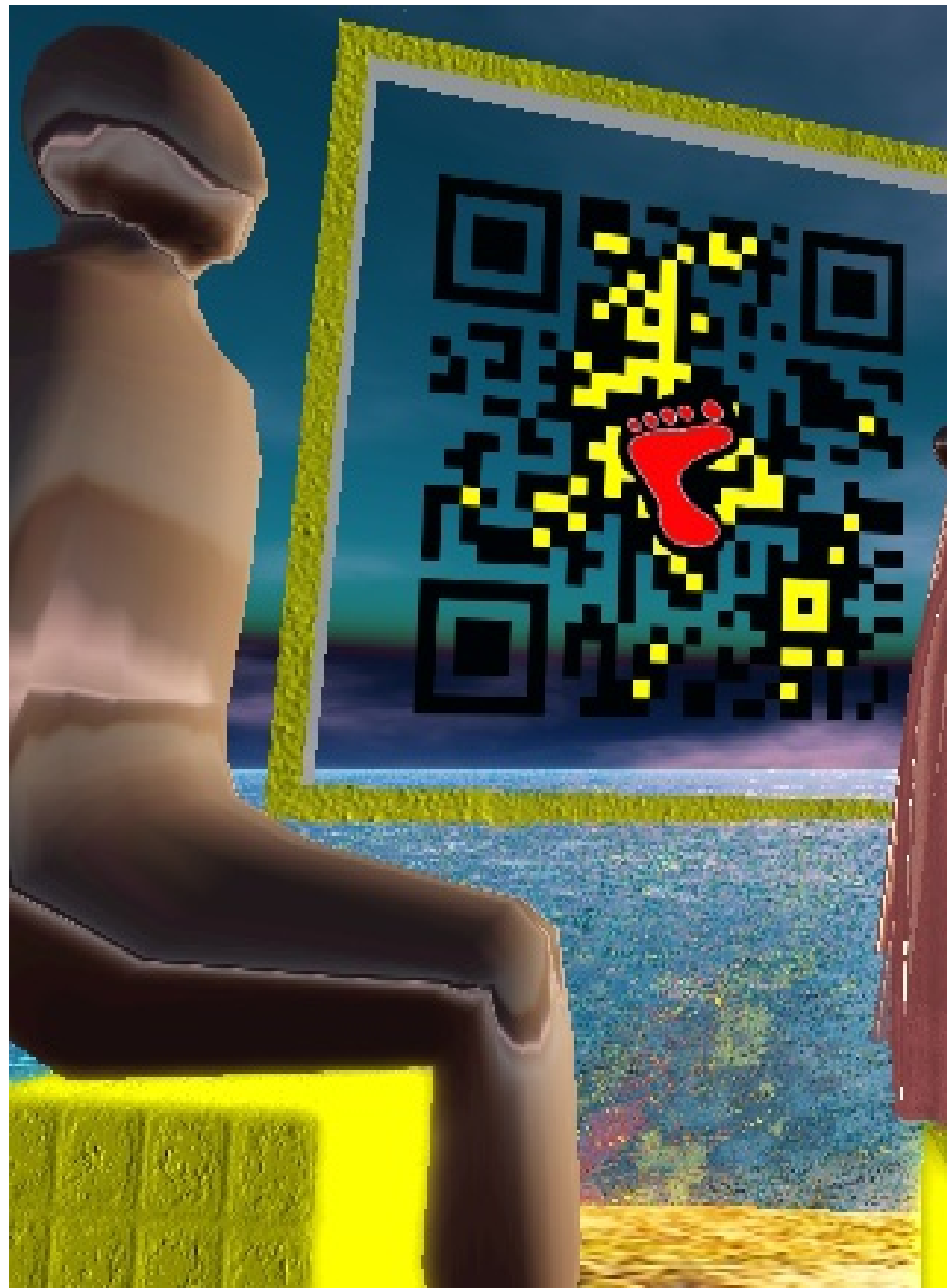
“You may enter!”

Audedat startled. He saw the green blip above the door, stood up and opened it.

“I have your report here. You have done a good job.” The director gave him a wink and Audedat sat on the leading edge of the visitor’s chair. His look focused on the files he had filled out; at times he looked at the face of his boss who furrowed his brow. Suddenly Audedat felt overcome by nausea, the fear that it might not be enough again, but then his boss closed the files and stood up.

He moved around his desk and smiled. “You have been one of my best staff members,” he said. For the first time there was some sign of a personal solicitousness.

“Does this mean that I ... that I have collected enough points?”



“Yes,” said his boss. He stood in front of Audedat and looked down at him - - nearly like a father despite the fact that he was younger. “And you are sure about it?”

Audedat nodded.

“When?” asked the boss. “Do you have something to sort out? Do you have relatives or friends? What should happen to your properties?”

“Nothing,” Audedat answered. “I have nothing. No relatives. I would like ... I



don't want to lose any time.”

His boss placed his hand on his shoulder. “Then follow me.”

They went together to the elevator. The transformation station was located on the lower floors, far below the raceways and transportation systems. There were no windows, just walls made out of plastic, covered with a hint of condensed water. The air was wet. They walked past a variety of machines: electroretino encephalographs, focalisators, solid memory storages, data view stations. In between chromatographs, hygrometers, solvent recovery tanks and anesthesia machines. Here and there stood people at analyzers but they did not look up.

Audedat felt a surprising excitement, which only increased his anticipation. “What specimen will I get?” he asked. “A dolphin? Or a blue whale?”

In the past, he would never have dared to ask the director a personal question, but things had now changed.

“I don't know,” the younger one said, “but it might be the same.”

“And what about the memories?”

“Is this relevant?” his boss asked. “What memories do you want to carry with you? Believe me, you will miss nothing. This is in fact the payment - - no burdens, no fear – no yesterday, no tomorrow.”



And for how long?”

“Don’t waste your thoughts on this: there are no deadlines. You will forget what time means.” They stopped at a barrier. The director handed the medical assistant a package of papers. She put a magnetic card in a reader and waited. Then the printer printed a list of coded data.

“One last question,” Audedat said. He spoke fast now as if he were in a hurry. “Where is the ocean? Surely I may now get to know it.”

The director smiled comforting. “It does not matter, does it? Now it is totally irrelevant.”

Audedat hesitated. He briefly thought about it. “I would have loved to know it. My whole life I’ve thought about it ... but sure ... you are right! Now it is no longer of importance.”

With this, everything that had to be said was said. Suddenly the connection between them was lost. The director could have walked away, but he stayed - - almost bashful - - and waited.

The assistant stood up. She said “Everything’s fine” and beckoned them.

The boss hesitated for a moment, then he offered Audedat his hand. “Good

luck,” he said.

Jean Audedat went through the barrier’s entrance. He undressed and entered the transformation chamber. He laid down on the table and waited for the tiny prick of the syringe automat. The focalisator lowered to his forehead. Emptiness and darkness took him and his old existence started to dissolve.

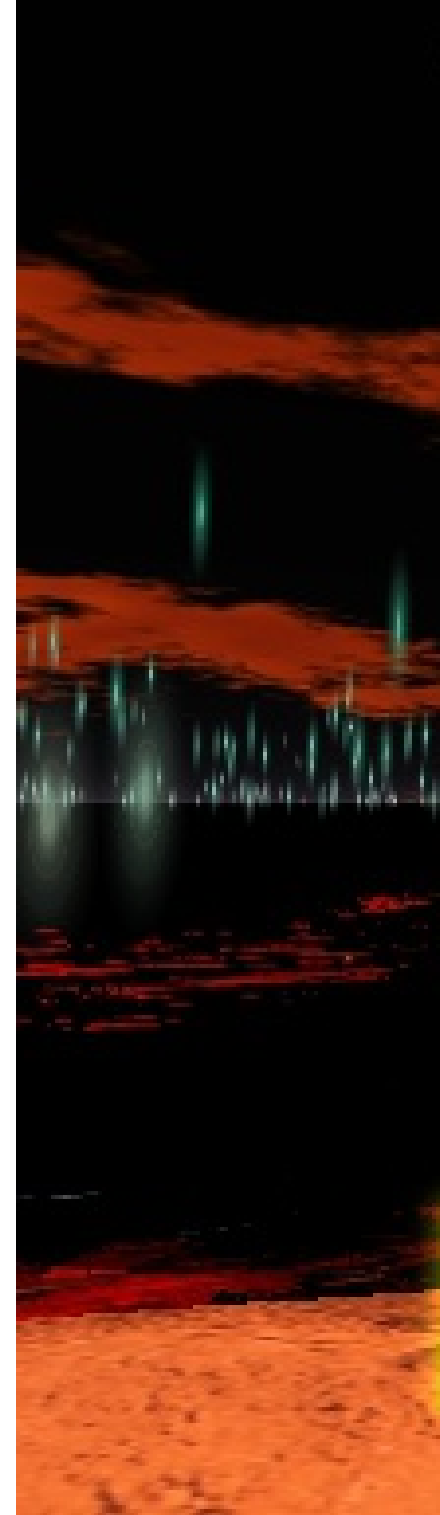
The last feeling he had was the gentle pressure of flushing wetness.

When the medical assistant came back, the director was still at the barrier. The girl looked astonished at him.

“Where is he?” he asked. “I want to see where he is.”

“That’s irregular,” the assistant answered awkwardly and added, “... and pointless.”

“It is not for you to judge,” the director said harshly. “I am a public officer of the first grade.” He threw his





legitimization on the table. “I want to see where they get delivered.”

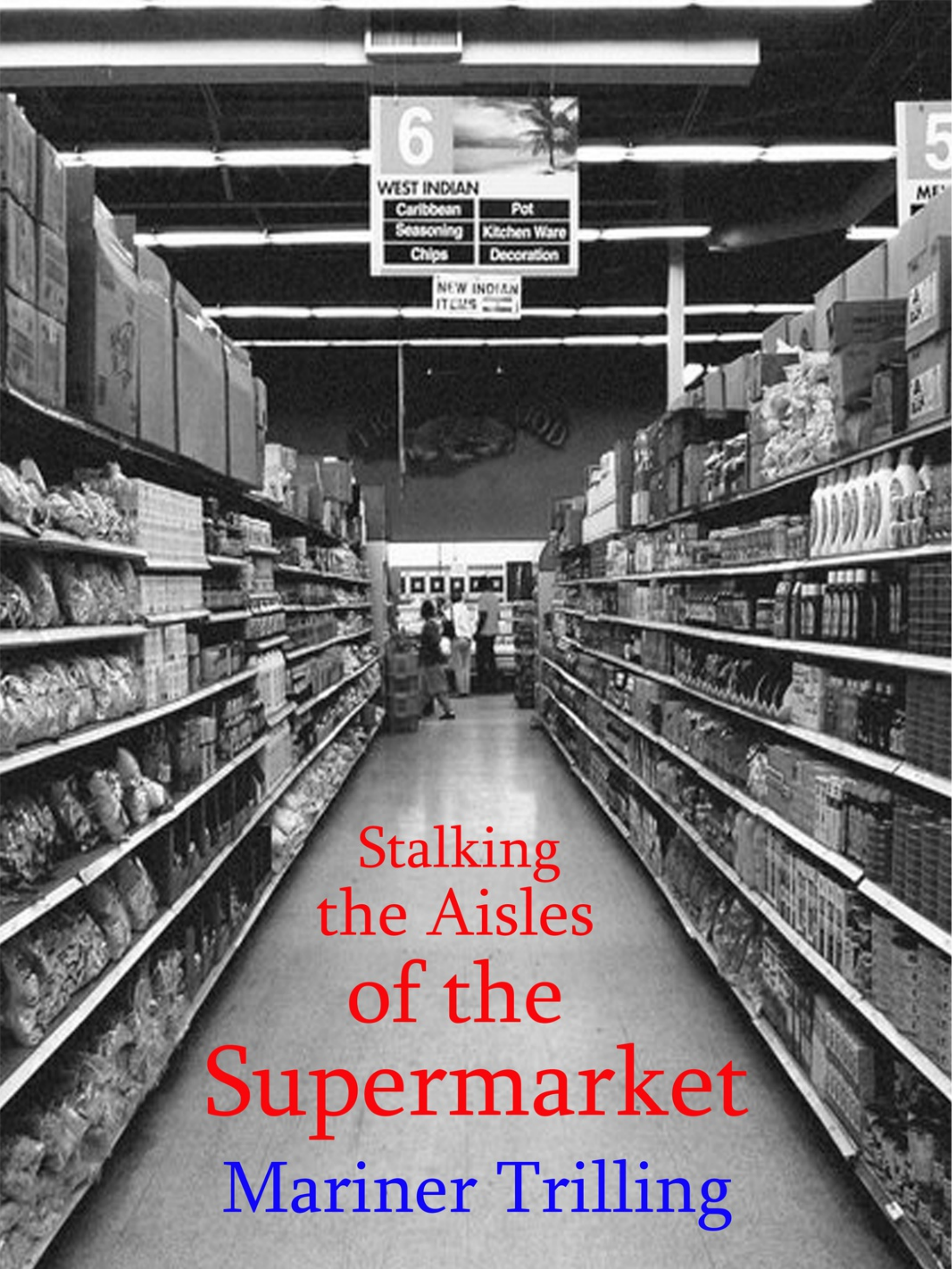
“Well,” the assistant said. She walked ahead and he followed her. They entered an immense hall. Fixed on aluminum racks were countless glass containers, ten in a row on top of each other. Each container had some chunks of tuff, some shells made of plastic, a little grass and sand. In each small tube, air bubbles gathered; for a small moment they dangled at the aperture then they got free, moved up and burst. Above each a green lamp was burning.

In each canister swam some tufts of dockweed, a few spongy sheets, a clump of algae. In each of them, a tiny swarm of transparent fish swam forward and backward, without pausing, a bit forward, then a fast turn, back and forth, and back and forth again.

The director watched for a while without saying a word, then he turned and left without looking back at the room.

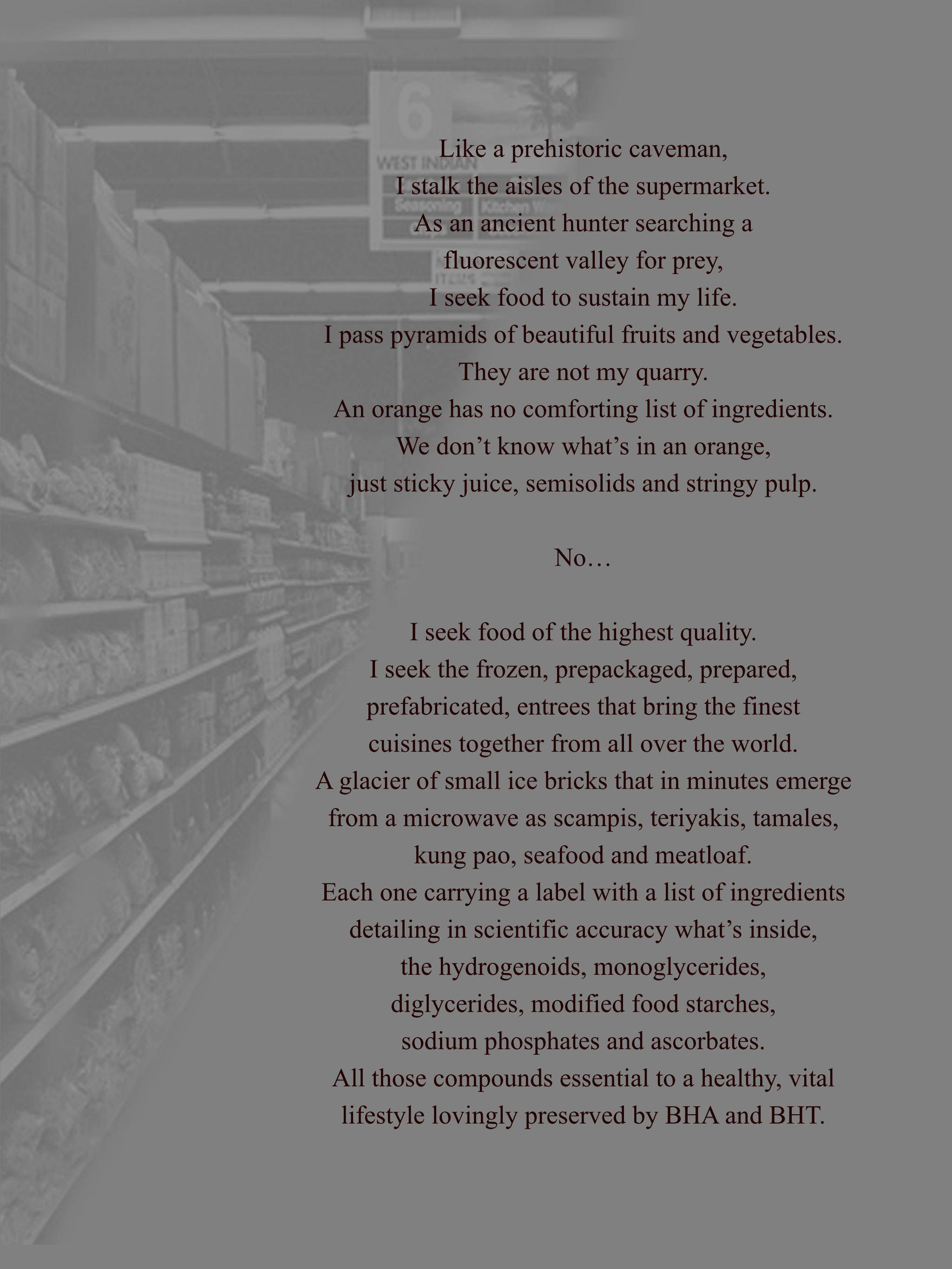
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Stalking  
the Aisles  
of the  
Supermarket  
Mariner Trilling



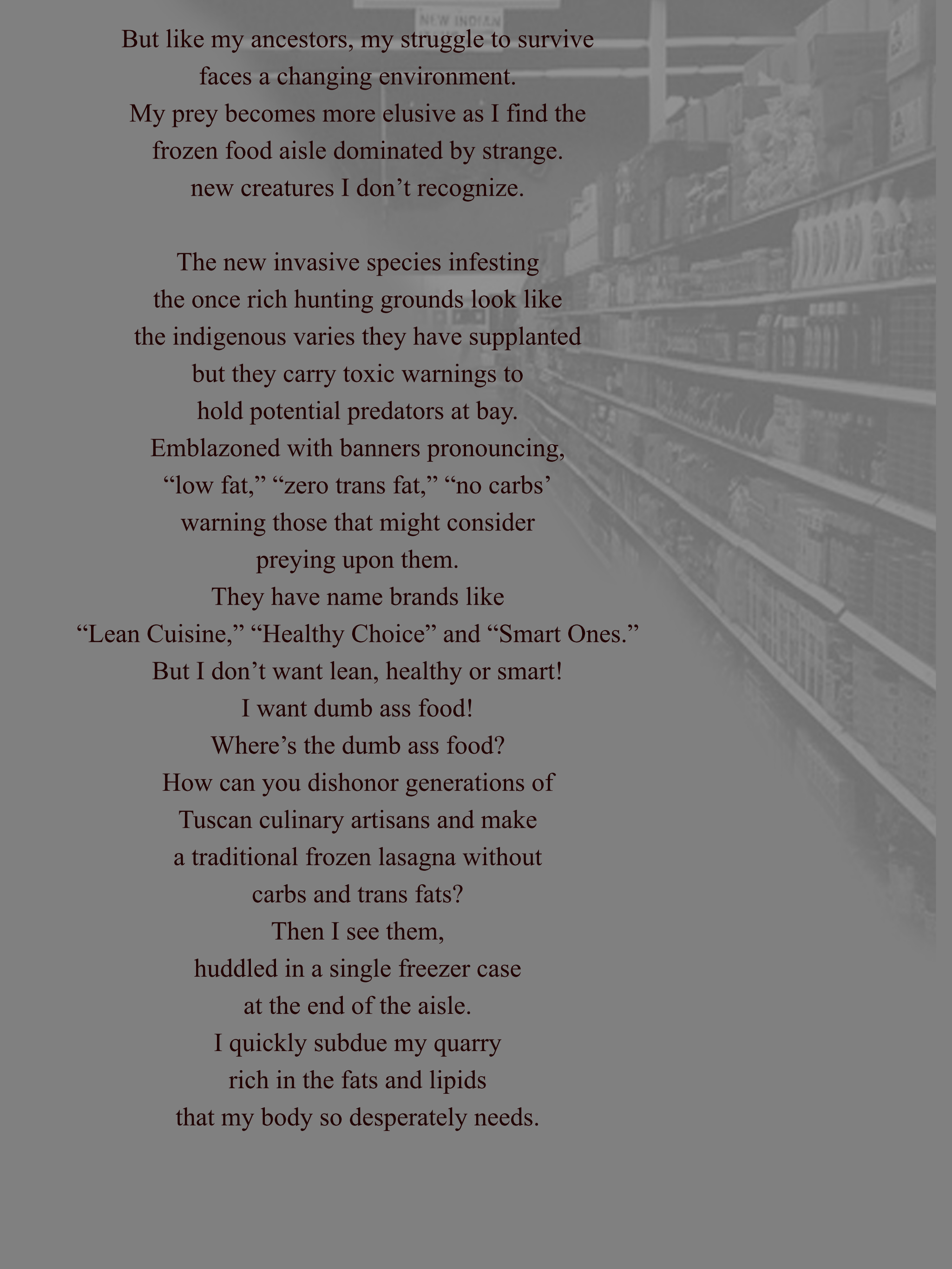


Like a prehistoric caveman,  
I stalk the aisles of the supermarket.  
As an ancient hunter searching a  
fluorescent valley for prey,  
I seek food to sustain my life.  
I pass pyramids of beautiful fruits and vegetables.  
They are not my quarry.  
An orange has no comforting list of ingredients.  
We don't know what's in an orange,  
just sticky juice, semisolids and stringy pulp.

No...

I seek food of the highest quality.  
I seek the frozen, prepackaged, prepared,  
prefabricated, entrees that bring the finest  
cuisines together from all over the world.  
A glacier of small ice bricks that in minutes emerge  
from a microwave as scampis, teriyakis, tamales,  
kung pao, seafood and meatloaf.  
Each one carrying a label with a list of ingredients  
detailing in scientific accuracy what's inside,  
the hydrogenoids, monoglycerides,  
diglycerides, modified food starches,  
sodium phosphates and ascorbates.  
All those compounds essential to a healthy, vital  
lifestyle lovingly preserved by BHA and BHT.





But like my ancestors, my struggle to survive  
faces a changing environment.

My prey becomes more elusive as I find the  
frozen food aisle dominated by strange.  
new creatures I don't recognize.

The new invasive species infesting  
the once rich hunting grounds look like  
the indigenous varies they have supplanted  
but they carry toxic warnings to  
hold potential predators at bay.  
Emblazoned with banners pronouncing,  
“low fat,” “zero trans fat,” “no carbs”  
warning those that might consider  
preying upon them.

They have name brands like  
“Lean Cuisine,” “Healthy Choice” and “Smart Ones.”  
But I don't want lean, healthy or smart!  
I want dumb ass food!

Where's the dumb ass food?  
How can you dishonor generations of  
Tuscan culinary artisans and make  
a traditional frozen lasagna without  
carbs and trans fats?

Then I see them,  
huddled in a single freezer case  
at the end of the aisle.

I quickly subdue my quarry  
rich in the fats and lipids  
that my body so desperately needs.

Today's successful hunt will mean  
a feast tonight and my steps are lofted against  
my load of icy bricks as I begin  
the long fifteen yard trek back to the car.

But the arduous journey begins to take its toll  
as my breathing gets short and labored.

The distance to the car seems to be  
growing not shrinking.

My metabolism taxed to the limit by  
the epic crossing of the parking lot,  
I draw heaving breaths.

I feel a tightness in my chest and fear grips me.  
A lifetime of warnings echo through me from  
those I dismissed as health nuts counting calories,  
avoiding cholesterol and railing against  
the evils of trans fats.

The tightness in my chest grabs me again and  
Demands my loyalty.

I clutch my chest and swear,  
“I will change my life! I will honor my health and  
my body! Please let me live! I want to live!”

But then...

I burp...

And the tightness in my chest is washed away,  
my breathing relaxes.

And my first thought is,  
“I can't wait to pop one of these  
frozen treats into the microwave.”





# Waltzing Toward Armageddon

by Jullianna

image by Chris-Law





What false god guides the cosmos,  
turned and churned  
on its broken steel axis

Spinning counterclockwise  
the counterculture  
the counterintuitive  
the twisted and tortured  
all powerless to rise

Charlatans and harlots  
stand side by side  
with saints and wellwishers  
in porcelain plasticity—  
cursing the clotted sky

What puppeteer ties  
the silk strings round  
our wrists and feet  
to produce this dance

The human race has no chance.

Rivers flow Paxil Prozac alprazolam,  
Rob us of our will—  
Flesh steams on the grill  
Animal, or otherwise  
It is all askance

The human race has no chance.



The





# Iron Roses

by Harry Bailey



photos by Jami Mills



Well, that time of year has once again rolled around. The "Holiday" season. The season brings a brutal schedule of parties, balls, more parties, concerts, musicals, and, of course, ending with that special New Year's Eve celebration. Fortunately, here in SL we enjoy a few benefits with our holidays.

No need to keep taking that Tux or Gown to the dry cleaners, just pop open the inventory and there it is, clean and pressed. For this Perfect Gentleman, it even comes complete with matched shined shoes and a boutonniere! We can all be ready every night to flit from party to party and imbibe all the libations we want with no morning hangover!

Considerations that apply (in both SL and that other life that is rumored to exist out there) are the basics of the perfect holiday night out on the town. These can be covered using the basic tenets of any good journalist, Who, What, Where, When, Why, and How?

Let me clarify please. "Who," of course, refers to that holiday companion or companions that will join you on your adventures. This is not the time of year to play it on the fly. Make those dates and plan ahead!

What plans are you making for you and your companion(s)? Are you dancing? Are you dining? Perhaps adventure is in your plans for the evening, like that always dreamed-of







night visiting a Vampire castle, or forest filled with Pixies?

In SL, it can be anytime, day or night. SL is open around the clock every day and night of the year. Party On! Just remember to plan and share your plans with your companions so you are all at the same event together. Nothing ruins a party night atmosphere more than arriving at an empty dance floor to discover the event was last night!

Gauge the mood of the event, and how it aligns with your date or companions. Knowing the SL inhabitants as I believe I do after almost nine years, I should not need to comment on manners and social behavior. Activities and conversation should be quite a bit



more "restrained" for someone newly met, compared to a partner of many years and shared experiences.

Now, as to the how and where, I have reviewed many venues, and given much advice over my years here at *rez*. If you are in doubt about somewhere to go, read some of my old columns on dancing, surfing, winter sports, of even bull riding. If you want to have fun, SL is the place to try anything and enjoy the experience. Just make certain you and your date are on the same page for the evening's events and outcomes.

Speaking to the present, I have uncovered one new venue that will be hosting a December dance performance for a new SL dance









group. This wonderful new group, the Iron Roses, has begun dancing at its own new Iron Roses Club, and has worked quite hard to build and enhance a performance venue that brings back the glory days of Burlesque, with all the feel of the Moulin Rouge.

Not only does the venue put one in the holiday mood for a night out, but this group's work on synchronized dance numbers and music selection brings the live performance feel to the stage. Tastefully performed, these dance numbers walk the thin line between the sensual and erotica.

I asked the dancers to sit down for a few minutes, and explain all the work that goes into building a venue and a holiday performance behind the scenes:

*Perfect Gentleman: First of all, just*

*how did all of you decide to form a burlesque dance company?*

Iron Roses: We are basically about friends having fun together. We started the Immortal Riders MotorCycle Club. The dance group evolved as a fun activity for the club and to showcase our many talents.

*PG: Once you formed the group, where did you go from that point?*

IR: Discussion! Refining concepts, building sets, and making our ideas into workable solutions.

*PG: So after all that discussion, how did you*





*build the venue you visualized? Where did you get the vision, and who did the building?*

IR: Ravenn Demina is our builder! Studying real life burlesque sets gave the inspiration to create our own. She has been building in SL for the past seven years. Ravenn owns her own shop, Mystical Rose Designs. She has built all of our sets as well as our venue

*PG: Deciding on the music. What era did you go for? What singers and styles were the easiest to match dances with, and did you find music that just would not work?*

IR: Our music encompasses all eras and multiple genres. In choosing music, it has to be sensual, captivating, and touch our souls. Not all music fits our performance and style.

*PG: Finding the dance animations. Once you had the venue and the performers and the music, what about the actual dances? Which animations did you start out with? How difficult was it to get them synchronized to the music? How did they fit into the classic Burlesque theme?*

IR: One of our favorite things to do is go out dance shopping together! We play the song as we go, hopping from one dance to the next, trying to find the best animations that suit the mood and flavor of the theme and the song. We play practical jokes on each other in the process and a good time is had by all. We have a fabulous DJ, Gene Alenquer, who modifies our music to







*Where did you look for the outfits, and how did you balance sultry exotic dancing versus what are much more common around*

fit the dance routine as needed.

*PG: Getting everything to work together. With all the various parts in place, how much practice did it take to get it all to look perfect? How many numbers do you include in each show?*

IR: We get together and work through routines as often as we are able, but we also have scheduled rehearsals once a week. We will have four to six numbers per show.

*PG: And most importantly, the outfits. Everyone in SL drools over the clothes.*







*SL, the totally nude strip clubs? Why did all of you agree to avoid the total nudity usually associated with female dancers in SL?*

IR: Imagination is sexy! Burlesque is an art form in its own right. We do not associate total nudity with the art of burlesque. Our outfits are unique! We create our own outfits, often each piece coming from a different talented designer in SL. We spend hours searching for the perfect total outfit for each number.

*PG: It is quite obvious just how much work, talent, and time you have all put into this great new group. For our holiday readers, when is your next performance?*

IR: Our next show is Saturday the 19th of December at 6:00 PM SLT. Please join Ravenn, Pink, Spirit, Kella and Gene for our Holiday Special!

*PG: I look forward to your Holiday Special and will be there, front row at the Iron Roses on the 19th!*

Now readers, I have passed along some tips for this busy holiday season of fun and friendship. I hope to see you all at the Iron Roses for that December dance event, as well as across SL from club to club. Also, remember to check out recommendations for Holiday fun in past issues of *rez*, as well as several in this month's issue, as we party into 2016 together! Party on, all!

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# Destry Nurse

by Will Blake

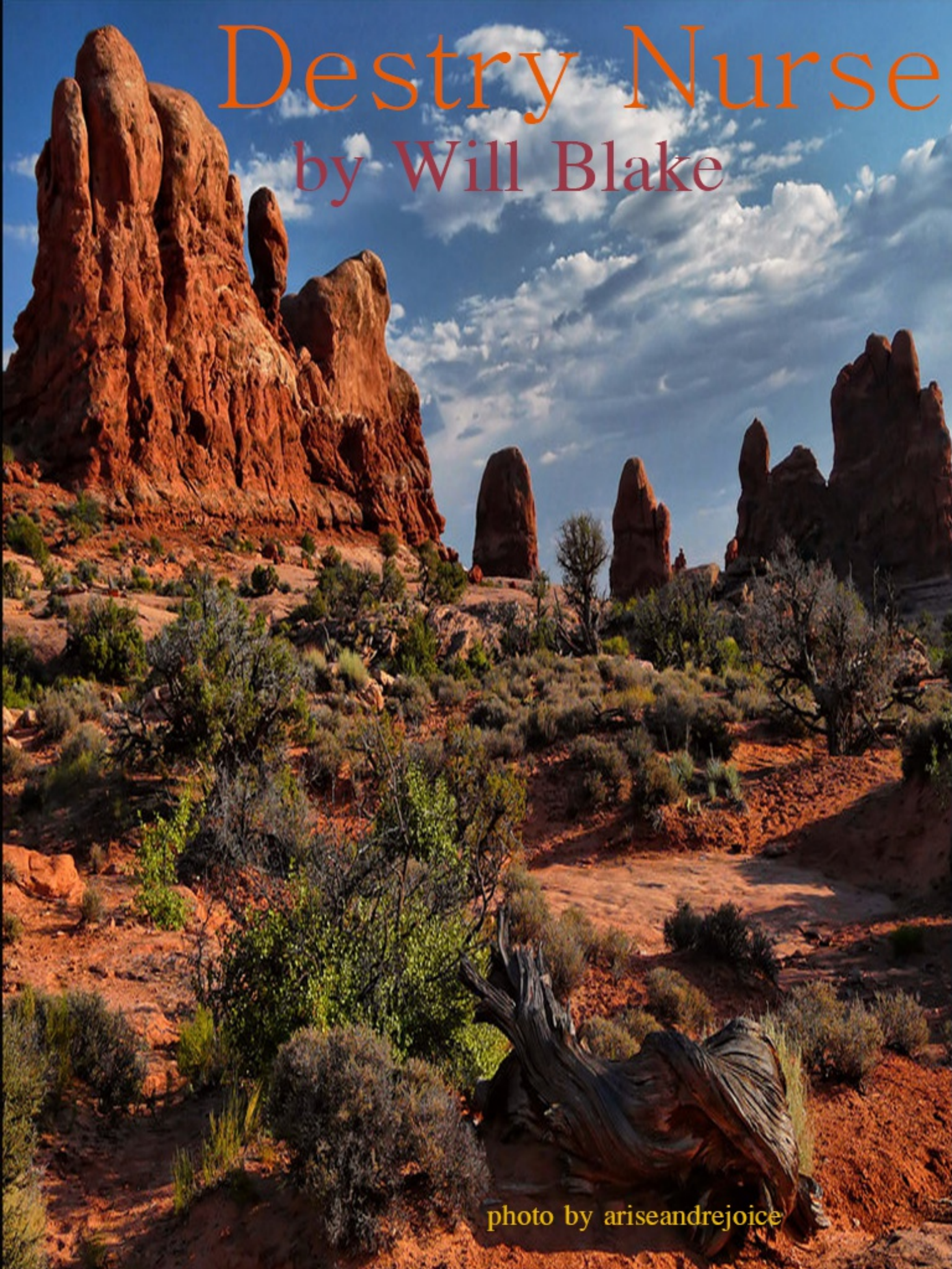


photo by ariseandrejoice



# s a Broken Heart

Nobody has spurs like this guy.  
When they spin in the right light,  
the burning bush kind of light,  
cinemas of undiscovered saviors  
flicker on those tiny silver screens.

And his hat. Droopy as a sacred mushroom  
in Pleistocene swamps pulled down  
over notorious eyes

As he enters the Diablo Neverra Saloon,  
his duds clean from the heat of his wisdom  
his eyes twin shots of a desultory future,

He drags his sack of shattered arrows,  
bibles cut through Revelation to hide a liar's gun,  
plague blankets, blood claims, hooves and angry wire

And moseys up to the split rail bar and says  
“Bartender.....” the way someone in a death  
predicament  
might say raft tender  
“give me a....”  
all eyes and single action silence on him  
long enough to hear a fence post driven on the moon  
“give me directions...to Philadelphia.”

A small field of sadness bloomed as he looked around.

“On second thought...  
give me water for another year,”

and all the pianos thrown from conestoga wagons  
began to play.



# The Damask Rose

by Kamille Kamala



image by xxbrokenxstarsxx

You cut like a sharpened steel blade,  
but you are also as gentle as a  
freshly watered soft pink damask rose  
once you were a beaming bud  
shy closed and tender  
I saw the breeze thrash you around  
This way you lean  
That way,  
about  
The greedy wind took a petal and  
I watched it soar away in the airstream  
This gentle steel strong damask rose  
Exemplifies subtle passionate energy  
Subtly slowly and softly  
Releasing purity and chastity  
I wanted that petal to be put back  
For you to be whole again  
But the loss never took away from your amazing  
beauty  
You were still striking  
And resistant  
Still the blade  
With the ability to cut deep  
Yet you never cut me  
You never even pricked my fingers  
With your bristles  
With your curved prickles  
Yet, you never cut  
Selfishly  
I plucked you up  
I had to have  
The steel  
The gentle  
The strong  
The striking  
But in my haste I bruised you  
Another petal cuddled the wind  
Making its way to the grassy ground  
In some time you opened fully to me  
And I was grateful for the second chance  
And I was thankful for the forgiveness  
So, I put you in a purple glass vase  
Let you dally about  
then I sat you in the window sill  
So that the glory sun could caress you



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